

O D E
TO
THE MEMORY
OF
WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

By THOMAS GISBORNE, M.A.

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WILLIAM CAMPBELL, ESQ.



BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD.

TO
LADY HESKETH,

THE FOLLOWING

O D E

IS,

WITH THE HIGHEST RESPECT,

INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE subsequent ODE, of which some Copies were originally printed for private Circulation, is now published by the Desire of a Lady who was nearly related to Mr. COWPER, and closely connected with him by the most intimate Friendship.

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TO THE MEMORY OF

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

I. 1.

“SERAPH!”—from Heaven’s eternal throne

Slow the solemn accents roll—

“Thou, by whose hand on David’s favor’d soul

“Through clouds of grief my mercy shone:

“To him, whom now ’tis thine to guard,

“A blessing in affliction’s form convey.

“Go, gently on the Christian Bard

“The wand of sorrow lay.”

I. 2.

Th’ obedient Spirit flies.

Aid to Salvation’s heirs ordain’d to lend,

Ministrant hosts his flight attend.

Hark to the song that rends the skies!

" From the Flame's refining power
 " More pure the gold of Ophir flows :
 " From affliction's fiery hour
 " More bright the Christian's virtue glows.
 " Bard, lov'd of Heaven ! thy Saviour's face
 " Though clouds and darkness hide ;
 " 'Tis but a moment. Canst thou doubt his grace ?
 " For thee the Saviour died."

I. 3.

Around th' unconscious Bard with pitying gaze
 The heavenly squadrons stand.
 With pealing swell and solemn pause
 He sings the Great Redeemer's praise.
 Nigh the raptur'd Seraph draws :
 With smiles of love he waves his hand ;
 And cries, "'Tis Mercy," while he lays
 On COWPER's brow the wand.
 With nerves unstrung, and aspect pale,
 The son of sorrow lies :
 And sad and wildering visions fail
 Before his vacant eyes.

II. 1.

"Seraph!"—from God's eternal throne,
 Hark, the dread behest again!
 "The gold is tried: bid cease my servant's pain:
 "Go, make the Heaven he sang his own."
 — "Secure thy Truth, untired thy Love,
 "Parent of Good!" angelic hymns reply,
 "To Saints that live in bliss above,
 "To Saints below that die."

II. 2.

On Sorrow's couch reclined
 Behold the Bard! Mark ye the beamless glance,
 Wide-wandering flow in dizzy trance,
 The sigh that speaks the wounded mind?
 Weak his hand; yet still it strays,
 Sweet lyre! athwart thy hallow'd frame:
 Faint his voice; yet still would raise
 In broken tones his Saviour's name.
 Seraph! O haste the glad command—
 "In bliss," he cries, "repose."
 The Christian sinks: behold an angel hand
 The stiffening eyelid close!

" Servant of God !"—through Heaven the sounds are
spread—

" Servant of God ! well done.

" Thy warfare's past, thy toil is o'er :

" Visions of woe no longer dread.

" Moon and star thou need'st no more,

" Nor yonder perishable sun :

" The night of earthly noons is fled,

" Th' eternal day's begun.

" Thy Master calls."—" Awake, awake,"

Proclaims th' Incarnate Word ;

" Servant of God ! well done ; partake

" The glories of thy Lord."

THE END.

